

AN
ADDRESS
ON THE
DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
DELIVERED
BEFORE THE CONGREGATION MIKVÉ ISRAEL
OF PHILADELPHIA,
AT THEIR SYNAGOGUE IN SEVENTH STREET,
BY THE REV. S. MORAIS,
MINISTER OF THE CONGREGATION,
On Wednesday, April 19, 1865.

PHILADELPHIA:
COLLINS, PRINTER, 705 JAYNE STREET.
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ORDER OF SERVICE

AT THE SYNAGOGUE OF THE CONGREGATION

“*Mikve Israel*,”

SEVENTH, ABOVE ARCH STREET,

ON WEDNESDAY, THE 19th DAY OF APRIL, 1865.

At the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, the service in memory of the lamented President of the United States (ABRAHAM LINCOLN) was solemnly performed by the officiating minister,

THE REV. S. MORAIS.

After he had recited the usual ritual service of the day, the following Preamble and Resolutions, passed at a special meeting of the Trustees of the Congregation, were read—

“*Whereas*, The President of the United States having fallen by the hands of a “traitorous assassin, on the night of the 14th inst., therefore

“*Resolved*, That this Congregation, in common with the whole American nation, “mourn the loss of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, one of its best and purest Presidents, who, “like our own lawgiver, Moses, brought a nation to the verge of the haven of peace, “and like him was not allowed to participate in its consummation.

“*Resolved*, That the Synagogue be draped in mourning for the space of thirty “days, and that these Resolutions be published, and entered on the records of the “Congregation.

“On motion, adjourned.

“L. J. LEBERMAN, *President*.

“A. HART, *Secretary pro tem*.

After reading the foregoing, a number of Psalms, in Hebrew and English, suitable to the melancholy occasion, were chanted; the Rev. S. MORAIS then addressed the large audience there assembled as follows:—

A D D R E S S .

“Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say, ‘O Eternal God! have mercy upon thy people.’”—*JOEL*, ii. 17.

THE stillness of the grave reigns abroad. Where is the joyous throng that enlivened this city of loyalty? Seek it now, my friends, in the shrines of holiness. There, it lies prostrate; there, it tearfully bemoans an irretrievable loss. Oh! tell it not in the country of the Gauls; publish it not in the streets of Albion, lest the children of iniquity rejoice, lest the sons of Belial triumph. For the heart which abhorred wickedness has ceased to throb; the hand which had stemmed a flood of unrighteousness, is withered in death. How appalling is the change which one week has wrought! The anniversary of the redemption from Egyptian bondage had opened most auspiciously to Israel of America. When your voice, O fellow believers, was attuned to my psalmical invocation, every fibre in my being thrilled with delightful emotions. For on the eve of the memorable fifteenth of Nissan the arm of the Lord had also been revealed to this people of his love. By its might was the surging tide of adversity driven back. Its Divine strength upraised the standard of universal freedom here unfolded by the purest hands. Grateful to our ears sounded then the roar of cannons which announced the winning of a bloodless victory. We shared not the intemperate zeal of such who laid against our General-in-Chief the charge of excessive leniency. We, with the nation at large, admired the magnanimous hero, and weaved garlands for his noble brow. Praying and longing for the reign of peace, we hailed

the messenger of happy tidings advancing towards us with rapid strides. Thus did our attachment to the ancestral faith and to this dear country of our adoption, obtain for us festive enjoyment during four days of our Passover. The fifth day arrived, and with it the Sabbath sanctified to the Creator of the world.

Brethren! If the pulsations of my heart could assume human speech, they would best picture my mental agony upon that never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath. I had never concealed before my love for him who was chosen from among the lowly as a ruler over a great people. Yes, I loved every action, every word of that godly man. I loved him for his patriarchal simplicity; I loved him for his incorruptible character; I loved him for his all-comprehensive ideas, for his generous impulses, his forbearing disposition, his tender compassion for all the oppressed. The ideal of Truth imprinted by nature upon my soul, seemed at length realized in that man of homely mien, but of lofty mind. Alas! that many knew not his worth, and misapprehended his deeds! They called him ambitious; but his ambition was to redeem a pledge he had solemnly taken. They imputed to him a despotic sway; but he exercised power to vindicate the law of the living God. They could not see that beneath the crust of apparent dross lay whatsoever is inestimable and precious. But he who grappled with falsehood, and saved America from ignominious death, needs not my defense. He who removed the burden from every shoulder, and wiped off the mark of degradation from human visage, is far above the encomium offered by one so humble as he who speaks on this melancholy occasion. Verily, my friends, did I possess the eloquence of our lamented Everett, I could not extol in adequate terms a man who knew so admirably to temper justice with mercy, and who, while practicing humility in the highest degree, was so scrupulously chary of the national honor.

But wherefore shall I portray the feelings which pervade my breast, when they are reflected on almost every countenance?

The intense grief which I experience is now, alas! our common participation. From each dwelling, from each hovel, throughout the length and breadth of our Union, is a silent tribute of reverence offered to the righteous memory of our martyred President. As my vision rests upon these sable draperies of woe, unbidden tears streak down my cheeks, and with the priests, the ministers of the Lord, I weep between the porch and the altar, and say: "O eternal God! have mercy upon thy people." We all weep for the great and good man that has ruthlessly been torn away from us. The vile agent of a relentless foe, he does not weep. The execrable wretch who has robbed liberty of its staunchest defender, and nature of its noblest creation, he triumphs over his flagitious crime. But the avenging sword is at his heels. It shall never return to its scabbard until it has consumed, with the assassin, his accessories and abettors. "There is no darkness, no shadow of death where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves." The mournful nation shall be avenged; they shall behold the dastardly hand which spilled innocent blood, severed from its venomous body.

But whence shall they derive consolation in their sad bereavement? So long accustomed to identify the lamented President of the United States with the principles he represented; to look for the restoration of peace to his conciliatory and merciful measures, where shall they hopefully turn for the realization of his ardent desires; for the consummation of our happiness? My friends! It has pleased the Lord sorely to afflict us. But His benign countenance shines yet refulgently upon our holy cause. With almost every vibration of the telegraph wires, He seeks to gladden us with the tidings of fresh victories. Our distress for the irreparable loss sustained, shuts out from our bosom all joyful emotions. Yet, let us be mindful of God's mercies; let us improve them by a grateful demeanor. Confidently relying upon the Director of human events, let us strengthen the hands of the man, who, through a

sorrowful incident, has been raised to the highest office in the republic. It is just that our minds cling fast to his immortal predecessor; him we had learned to trust, and upon him we gazed with filial affection. But "the Rock whose all works are perfect," demands that we submit to His unsearchable will. Let, then, the memory of the upright statesman and ruler be enshrined in the innermost recesses of our soul. But let not the structure which he has founded, remain incomplete for the lack of support. If his paternal voice could reach us from the seat of beatitude, it would exhort us to suffer further privations, to endure hardships, to bear even a temporary defeat, but never to pause until the flag of one reunited people shall wave from Maine to California, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico; for in that event not only our happiness and that of our children is involved, but the cause of human liberty is deeply concerned. If our great Abraham could address us now, he would also beseech us to curb the noble wrath which his murder has aroused within us, lest it may be visited upon the guiltless and the penitent. He would, in his merciful nature, entreat that we prefer magnanimity to severity, forgiveness to vengeance. He would likewise heal our lacerated hearts by the assurance that his mission upon earth was fulfilled, on the day that the supremacy of the Constitution was reasserted, and unspotted hands planted again over the ruins of Fort Sumter the banner which is the symbol of independence and freedom, of justice and humanity. Oh, may his kindly words ever re-echo in our hearts, and incite us to godliness and truth.

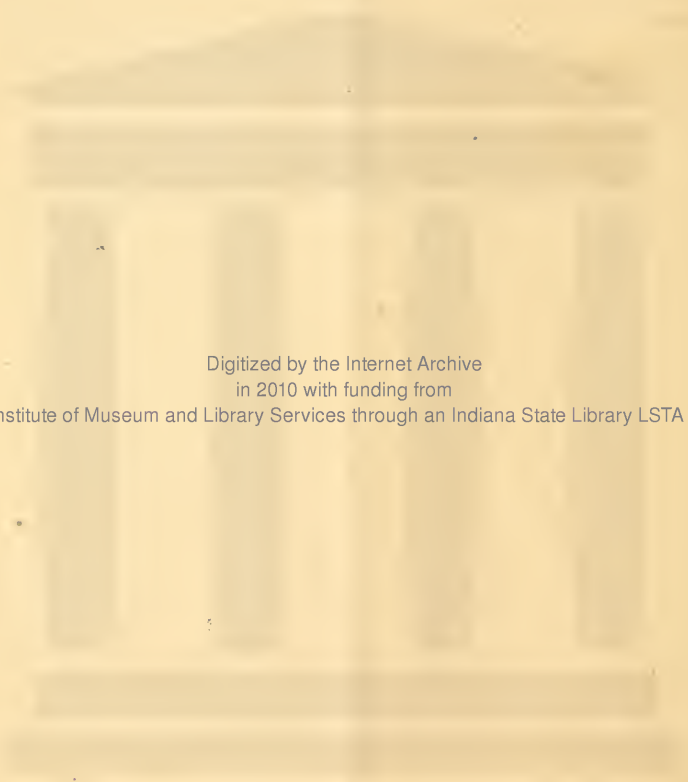
P R A Y E R.

Omnipotent God! not for our sake, not for our sake, but for that of Thy infinite mercy, be with us in our woful calamity. We dare not rely upon man's strength, which continually faileth, for "man withereth like grass, he fleeth like a shadow,

and we see him no more." But upon thine arm do we lean, for that which supporteth the whole universe, will also be our stay. Oh, guide us with Thy wisdom, and show us, amid the gloom wherein we are inshrouded, the haven of our national deliverance. Grant, O Lord, that a twofold portion of the lovely spirit with which was endowed the illustrious dead we lament, may rest upon his successor. He supremely needs it. He needs his unflinching rectitude, his generous instinct, his forgiving disposition, his noble forbearance, and discretion to an infinite degree, in order that he may complete the blessed work marked out by our sainted President.

Sovereign Creator! open wide the portals of eternal bliss, and let the righteous Abraham of the Western World enter. Remember his suffering for the sake of principles, and let it be a propitiation for the sins of the people he so dearly loved and so faithfully served. May he ever sit at Thy right hand, im-paradised in the contemplation of Thy divine Essence. Grant, that from the highest heavens, he may soon behold our unalloyed joy, when the pavilion of peace shall again spread its folds over us, and an indissoluble bond of brotherhood unite together all the inhabitants of this country. And to the beloved relict of one so good, to the bereaved sons and disconsolate household, speak, O Lord, of the unending delights he now enjoys in the land of life. It will infuse into their hearts fortitude and resignation. The voice of religion and the grateful expressions of a reconstructed nation will then be a solace to their minds and a soothing balm to their souls. We now offer supplications unto Thee, for Thy servant, the Secretary of State, stricken by the hand of a traitor. "May he not die, but live and declare to posterity the works of the Lord." And may all our powers, our energies and endeavors be devoted to benefit mankind, in accordance with Thy will, and that of the lamented Executive of the American nation. Amen.

The prayer for the Officers of the Government, and the benediction for the congregation concluded the services of that mournful day.



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